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THE BRIGHT SPOT NEAR
OSBORNE HOUSE,
AND OTHER POEMS.



THE
BRIGHT SPOT
NEAR
OSBORNE HOUSE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
GLOWWORM.

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THE BRIGHT SPOT NEAR OSBORNE HOUSE.

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF THE QUEEN READING THE
BIBLE IN A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE NEAR OSBORNE.

[Several reasons have induced the author to make this short poem determine the title of the book. The event of which it treats is of general interest, and has been made widely known in an engraving. The poem (with the two following) has, moreover, obtained the Queen's most gracious acknowledgment. But chiefly, the recent serious illness of Her Majesty's eldest son not only presents to the world a most practical and luminous picture of the unspeakable value of "The Book," in Royal as well as humble dwellings, but has also afforded such a signal proof of loyal affection and sympathy, that the author would add his "word in season" in thus giving a public and emphatic expression to sentiments which are extensively and deservedly cherished by a faithful and devoted people for a true and noble Queen.]



One Crown alone of regal state
Can deck a nation's sheen ;
One brow alone of Monarchs great
Doth wear it like our Queen.

That Crown is rich with many a gem,
Which but few eyes have seen ;
So like the heart's fair diadem
Of our belovèd Queen.

Those gems have glisten'd in the light,
Wherever it hath been ;
Yet all the stones are not so bright,
As "our most gracious Queen."

'Tis heavy with a weight of gold,
With many a pearl between ;
Just like the virtues manifold
Of our "most virtuous Queen."

It sits upon a widow's brow,
Whose sorrow still is rife
For him whose memory wears a glow,
Link'd with so true a wife !

It gleams upon a mother's brow,
Whose fond maternal heart
Has always taught her children how
To act a faithful part.

It rests upon a Christian's brow,
And shows a soul serene ;
And this it is that gives us now
The Bible with our Queen.

The noblest brow in all the land
Bends o'er the Book to trace
The truths which make a sceptred hand
Reflect an added grace.

This is the Book of golden page,
Of other books the best ;
Whose light is cast for every age,
To make all nations blest.

It is the living light of Hope,
Amid the ages' strife ;
That blinded eyes might cease to grope,
And find the door of Life.

It telleth of an inward peace
Which doth thro' time abide ;
And brings to sin a sweet release,
Like rest at eventide.

When sickness strikes with torturing pain,
Or sorrow's cloud is seen,—
When human sympathy is vain,—
Its comforts intervene.

It sheds its rays of brightening hue
Upon the darken'd tomb ;
Our "loved and lost" appear to view,
Array'd in deathless bloom.

It is the vestal star of Truth,
In tender mercy given,
To show alike to age and youth
The one bright path to Heaven.

Shine on thou rare and lustrous pearl
Above life's troubled night ;
Long may a nation's flag unfurl
Its colours to thy light !

Long stay the day when sceptic hand
Shall steer our senate's car !
Thick gloom would then enshroud our land,
Without a sun or star.

The source of England's power and wealth,
Our Queen delights to own,
Is in the moral strength and health
Which truth divine has grown.

The secret of a Monarch's might
Is thus to us reveal'd ;
The Bible sheds its hallow'd light
Upon a nation's shield.

The pledge of Britain's safety here
Let other nations see :
Our Sovereign's throne is free from fear,
Because the Truth makes free.

The reason of Victoria's fame—
Her moral worth—is shown ;
Engraving on our hearts her name,
And on her heart our own.

The test of British life and song,
For future years, is seen :
May Truth and righteousness reign long,
And God preserve our Queen !

And when her hand shall lose its strength

To rule an empire brave—

When mortal shades shall fall at length

Upon a nation's grave,—

The voice of those who now are young

Shall tell their children how

A noble Queen glad sunshine flung

On poor man's pallid brow ;—

How, in a lowly fisher's cot,

She sat and held the light,

Which made that cot the shining spot

Near Osborne's beauties bright.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL HALL
AND MONUMENT.



Long stand these noble buildings fair !—

Erected by a nation's hands,

Observant of a Queen's commands,—

To Albert's name, so good and rare !

The wide expanse of lofty dome

Is like his forehead, broad and high,

Which sculptured forms and prints supply ;

Seen in all places where we roam.

The treasures rich, from many climes,
Are like his counsels, good and wise,
Which from his lips and thro' his eyes,
Flow'd forth and gleam'd, like lofty rhymes.

The Music Hall, of central space,
Where breath is hush'd to hear sweet sounds,
Where voice of organ oft resounds,—
Is like his heart, attuned to grace.

The paintings and the pictures choice
Remind us of his words of truth,
Imparted to the mind of youth,
When falling from a Father's voice.

The walls and plants of evergreen
Are like the deathless love enshrined,
Which in our Queen's rare grief we find,
And in a Nation's heart is seen.

The dazzling monumental pile
Of costly stones and shining veins
Is, like his memory, without stains,
Where radiant thoughts and flowers smile.

Long stand and shine, O country's pride !
To teach the nations of the earth,
And teach all men of noble birth,
That goodness only can abide.



A THANKSGIVING HYMN FOR THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING
SERVICE, HELD AT ST. PAUL'S, IN FEB., 1872.



Great God of Majesty and praise !

Our hearts this day are humbly bow'd

Before Thy Throne—now without cloud—

Whence issue bright and healing rays.

Our thoughts revert to recent prayers,

When grief and mortal fear were felt ;

A Nation's soul before Thee knelt,

And warmly spoke its urgent cares.

It seem'd to sense a useless task

To make request for sparèd life,

Our prayers arose with mental strife

That fear'd it was too late to ask.

Yet did we crave with interest great ;

In zeal and reverential fear

We ask'd that Thou our prayer would'st hear,

And save a life of high estate.

A burden was upon us laid

Of tender love and sympathy ;

We brought it, 'midst our fears to Thee,

And Thou our many fears hast stay'd.

And now we add to prayer our praise,

That Thou hast heard, and spared a life

To parent, children, and to wife,

And granted hope of lengthen'd days.

A nation thus would lift its voice
Of sacred song, in thankful mood,
Its sympathetic gratitude,
And with a Royal house rejoice.

O God of majesty and grace !
For this new favour to us shown,
May we Thy grace and glory own,
And learn in all things Thee to trace.

Dispel, henceforth, all sceptic thought
Before a nation's reverent mind,
That future years in us may find
Ripe fruit for all that Thou hast wrought.

And Thou who art the Life of Light !
Bestow yet fuller strength on him
Whose mortal lamp has been so dim ;
Hence let it burn with lustre bright.

BEAUTIFUL SEA !



I.

Beautiful Sea ! whose shining sands
Allure the feet of youthful bands ;
Where, full of joy the live-long day,
They sport themselves with snowy spray :
Presenting to our fancy's eye
A picture of that world on high,
Where, like soft sunbeams on the river,
The souls of children shine for ever.

II.

Beautiful Sea ! whose waters clear
Reflect the stars, and bring them near :
Declaring thus, in symbol bright,
How near to faith is heaven's light !—
How very far to eyes of sense
May be the souls departed hence !—
How very near to faith's glad vision
The stars of loved ones now in heaven !

III.

Beautiful Sea ! whose deep dark caves
Contain so many sacred graves !
Whose holy dead, in memory's shrine,
Like starlight sweet on tombs doth shine.
Thus, like the buried things that rest
Beneath the briny waters' crest,
The mystic veil of sorrow's cloud
May richest treasure oft enshroud.

IV.

How many pearls beneath those waves—
How many gems within those caves—
May one day glisten in the light,
Adorning crowns of regal might !
And so, in resurrection morn,
The souls that shall Christ's crown adorn
Will issue from the mighty deep,
When He shall wake them out of sleep.

V.

Beautiful Sea ! immensely wide,
And restless as its moving tide ;
So like the restless heart of man,
Whose wants no human arch can span !
And yet so like the boundless Sea
Of His great love who died for me,
Which, never resting, gives me rest,
And flowing ever makes me blest !

VI.

Beautiful Sea ! whose silvery spray,
In eddying streams, doth wash away
Inscriptions written in the sand
By many a busy childish hand ;
Enforcing thus the lesson bright,
That we should wipe clean out of sight
The wrongs which we, by childish hands,
Have written on our memory's sands.

VII.

Beautiful Sea, when tost by storms !—
Evolving new majestic forms
In waves, whose high and crested swell
Throw up the weed, the stone, the shell.
In stormy seas a grandeur speaks,
And tempest clouds a glory streaks ;
So like affliction's boisterous wind,
Which leaves God's riches close behind !

VIII.

Beautiful Sea, when still and calm,
Like evening hours so full of balm !
Resembling that celestial Home
Where angry souls shall no more foam ;
So like that pure and glassy sea,
From reefs and quicksands ever free !
So like the peace that Christ doth give
When shipwreck'd souls begin to live !

IX.

O thou great and wonderful Sea,
All rich in craft, in commerce free !
Bringing so near far distant lands,
Like two sweet sisters clasping hands !
Conveying many costly stores ;
Importing wealth from foreign shores ;
And sounding out in heathen climes
The welcome news of gospel chimes !—

X.

O thou bright and beautiful Sea,
I would be bright and free like thee !—
Bright with glad sunbeams in the soul,
And free in sacred love's control :
All bright with Christian graces fair,
And free in breathing Truth's pure air ;
Both bright and free !—both bright and free !
Like the great and beautiful Sea.



THE SCULPTOR.



I.

I saw a sculptor all intent
 Upon his marble white,
And all his energies were bent
 To mould it day and night :
With mallet hard, and tools of strength,
 And many strokes severe,
The block was made to feel at length
 That skillful hands were near.

II.

And I beheld a child look on,
And gaze with wondering eye ;
She saw the splinters, one by one,
In all directions fly !
The doubts that fill'd that simple mind
Were hard to understand,
Like curious things that children find
Upon the ocean's strand.

III.

The marble chips, at every stroke,
Were scattering, one by one,
When childish doubt broke out and spoke,
“ Father, why *waste* the stone ? ”
“ It is,” he said, in accents mild,
“ By strokes and heavy blows
That, as the marble wastes, my child,
The more the statue grows.”

IV.

Are we not all but children small,
In doubt and want of sight ?
And like the little child we call
In darkness for the light :
How many curious questions still
Are asked by children here,
As we behold a Father's skill
Excite our childish fear.

V.

We see our dear ones pass away,
Whom we have loved so long ;
Our little ones who could not stay,
Whose life was rich in song ;
We see our loved possessions fly,
And leave us with such haste ;
Then ask in our simplicity,
“ Oh, why is all this waste ? ”

VI.

And then, amidst our trembling fears,

A Father's voice is heard,

Who wipes away our falling tears

By His most gentle word :—

“ It is,” He says, in accents mild,

“ By strokes and heavy blows,

That, as the marble wastes, my child,

The more the statue grows.”



THE THREE BROTHERS.



'Twas the eve of the mother's departure,
And her three sons came with filial offerings—
As incense to be laid on the altar
Of idol shrine ; for to those three children
That mother resembled some fair goddess.
Her love had been like wholesome soil to hold
The rootlets of their being. Hence they grew
As plants of strength, of beautiful proportions.

Her healthful presence thus had made their
home

All bright and glad with sunshine and music.

But now the absence of their sun and song

Was claim'd; for she whom they so loved must go

And tarry long and far away from home.

So they came bringing their gifts.

The first born

Brought a marble tablet, white and costly,

In whose inscription, richly wrought,

The mother read her name in letters graved

With pen of iron—emblem of the life,

Strong and enduring, of a mother's love.

The second son

Brought roses, of choice and delicate hues,

And odours sweet; reminding the object

Of his affection that her fragrant life

Would survive, rose-like, all mortal decay

And time's mutations.

The third son came
With his heart surcharged. His mind, ransacking
The treasures of all mundane possessions,
Found nothing adequate to his purpose.
He remember'd, in the thronging multitude
Of his troubled thoughts, an apt quotation
In the sermon of the great Apostle
On "Mars Hill," when he told the Athenians
That He, "in whom we live"—who lives to
give—
Was not worshipp'd "with hands." Hence he
resolved
To carry nothing in his hands :—

"Mother," he said, "I bring to thee
No rare and costly stone ;
My offering no eye can see—
Save God's pure eye alone.

“No flowers of sweet and choicest hues
Can justly speak thy praise ;
The brightest things on earth must lose
Their lustre in thy rays.

“A soul all bright with fervent glow,
All true as glowing steel,
That with the years more warm will grow
With palpitating zeal,—

“Such gift I bring—a heart of love,
Whereon thy name is writ,
Which, like the broad expanse above,
With altar-flames is lit.

“Wherever, in thy journeying,
Thy angel-form shall glide,
This heart to thee will fondly cling,
And follow by thy side.

“ And if, in foreign lands afar,
Disease should end thy days,
Thy light shall be my evening star,
To cheer me with its rays.”

He ceased :

A tear stood in his eye. And to the gaze
Of that mother it shone a priceless pearl—
Like radiant Hesperus, bestudding
The calm and cloudless blue of night.

She retired

To read the ancient story, beautiful
Now with a rich meaning unseen before,
Of “ that disciple whom Jesus lovèd,”—
Who, tho’ but one of a band of loved ones,
Yet, star-like, shone the purest and brightest
Upon the clear and tranquil firmament
Of the infinite heart of Love.

THE LONDON FLOWER GIRL'S
PLAINTIVE CRY.



I.

FLOWERS! bright flowers! all fresh and rare !

Sun and showers have made them fair :

They are children of the spring,

And, with bright birds on the wing,

They have come to make us sing !

Who will buy? who will share

My flowers rare ?

II.

They have come from nurturing soil—

Fruits of tenderness and toil :

What they are they have been made

By much care and skillful aid,

Without which they had not stay'd !

Buy my flowers, without a soil,

Before they spoil !

III.

I myself was once a flower,

Blooming in sweet childhood's bower :

But I wanted nurturing care—

Hearts of tenderness and prayer ;

These had made *me*, also, fair—

Fair and bright, bright and pure,

Glad, tho' poor !

IV.

My sweetest flowers are sometimes bought
By those thro' whom much waste is wrought;
Who buy a flower their dress to grace
For one short hour, in some bright place;
And then, to some waste open space,
The spoilt "Forget-me-not"
Is thrown, to rot!

V.

And if I could, I now would tell
To all whose ways are deep as hell,
How they will some fair flower meet,
And by foul tricks the flower greet,
Then trample it beneath their feet—
A thing all spoilt—to swell
A funeral knell!

VI.

Come, buy my flowers ! and when you buy
Remember one thing which I cry,—
Beware of spoiling God's bright flowers
By that which like the frost devours ;
Beware of skillful blasting powers—
 • Which kill, and steal, and lie,
 And spurn God's eye !

VII.

Come, buy my flowers ! see how they bloom !
Then take them to a cheerful room ;
And when you see them smiling there,
Do not forget to send a prayer
To Him who heeds the sinner's care—
 Whose love can scatter gloom,
 And gild the tomb !

VIII.

O buy my flowers ! my flowers buy !
For tho' they do but bloom to die,
They do not die till they have won
Some glory for their life-work done ;
And when they fade with setting sun
They can afford to die
Without a sigh !



GOD'S AUTOGRAPH.

A THOUGHT ON THE ROCKS OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



WHEN Israel's captain, strong in grace,
Went forth to lead the chosen race,
He won a bright majestic name,
Like Moses, of illustrious fame.

When Moses waved in faith his rod,
The waters heard the voice of God ;
And Joshua, in the ark's advance,
Beheld Jehovah's saving glance.

The waters "rose " a mighty " heap,"
Sublime to see, like mountain steep ;
And through the waves of Jordan rent
The holy tribes of Israel went.

When safely cross'd, the "stones" they took,
And made a monumental book ;
That future ages might declare
Jehovah's name in records rare.

With veneration here I stand
Upon this ancient rocky land ;
And read, in stones all grey with age,
God's Autograph on history's page.

THE BROKEN VASE.

ON AN ILLUSTRATION BY THE LATE F. W. ROBERTSON.



A COSTLY vase lay on a rich man's table.
It had stood there many years without a flaw :
A thing of ornament, and not of use,
'Twas seldom subjected to careless hands.
In lower rooms, at times, were seen the falls
And breakages of vessels often used.
And hearing these disasters frequently,

It glanced a scornful eye, and murmur'd much,
As o'er its crystal brim, from day to day,
No water flow'd to quench the thirst, and cool
The brows of wayworn travellers.

At length

A great occasion came, when large demands
Were made for rich-cut crystal. So to use
It now was given ; and afterwards was taken,
With the other glass, into the kitchen,
To be cleansed and polish'd with its poorer
neighbours.

Rough usage soon reveal'd its latent weakness :

No sooner was it touch'd by carelessness,
And rudely handled, than it quickly fell
And dropp'd to pieces. Lo ! its empty scorn
And self-laudations fled in empty air.

O Pharisaic heart ! take heed, and listen
To the sermon of the chaste and costly vase.
No longer look with scorn and proud contempt
Upon an erring sister, boastfully.
The place assign'd to her, before she fell,
But make it thine for one short hour—the hour
When winds did blow with boist'rous strength of
storm—

And give to her the fold and shelter safe
From ravening wolves that stalk abroad for blood.
Too soon that heart's sad history might find
In thee its melancholy repetition :
Giving to another, thus protected,
The reputation of thy crystal fame—
The fruit of adventitious circumstance ;
Entailing on thyself the heritage
Of shame and suffering.

SUNSHINE.

“ I believe I would rather be the author of one good hymn than of anything else in this world—*unless it were Sunshine.*”
—“ HEDGED IN.”



If choice were given to me to-day
To wear a splendid name,
The choice to be a sunbeam's ray
Should soon decide my fame.

To write a book of words sublime,
And stir the hearts of men,
Might be a work to last for time,
Well worth the poet's pen !

Still words are dear when books are sold,
And cannot always shine
In mental chambers, dark and cold,
Whose narrow walls confine.

But beams of light from sun's bright flame
Can visit homes always ;
And never dear, nor ever tame,
To all are sunbeams' rays.

To make the canvas brightly glow
With objects fair to see,
Will aid the artist's fame to grow,
And win a high degree.

But artist's power falls far behind,
When love's light from above
Doth paint " sun pictures " on the mind,
In words and deeds of love.

The skill to stir the soul with strains,
By music's moving sound,
And rob the mind of bitter pains,
A name has always found.

But greater far will be the name
Of one who moves along
The pathways of the blind and lame,
To cheer with sunbeam's song.

The sculptor hath a wondrous skill
Semblance of life to give ;
Yet marble forms are cold and still,
He cannot make them live.

But sunshine falling from the heart,
Where sin and sorrow thrive,
Will cause the darkness to depart,
And bid sad hearts revive.

The statesman's tongue of fire is great
To steer the nation's car,
And settle the affairs of state
In times of peace and war.

The warrior, too, who loves the field
Where human blood is shed,
Preserves with pride his sword and shield,
In triumph o'er the dead.

But mightier still, and brighter far,
The names of heroes shine,
Whose badge of glory, like a star,
Shall never know decline :—

Whose hearts are orbs of living flame,
And every act a ray
To scatter midnight gloom and shame,
And turn the night to day :—

Who carry sunshine everywhere,
And make it fall around ;
Seeking the woes of life to share
Where joy is seldom found :—

Who, when rude speech, like sharpen'd swords,
Is aim'd against the weak,
Exchange it for kind gentle words—
The clothing of the meek :—

Who lift the frail and tempted soul,
Like gold-coin out of dust,
And seek again to make it whole,
And clear away the rust :—

Who, when sweet ties of social life
Are rent with discord sad,
Begin by love to end the strife,
And heal with sunbeams glad.

This light about the little child,
Whose heart is full of glee,
Secures his life, so sweet and mild,
In sunbeams bright and free.

It comes to those whose head is grey—
Whose limbs are strung with pain—
And helps them, through their closing day,
To feel quite young again.

It enters dark and dismal rooms,
Where sickness long has been ;
And when it comes a harvest blooms
For thankful hearts to glean.

It mingles with the mists of death,
Like rainfall meeting rays :
It spans the tomb with rainbow wreath,
And shines like golden haze.

O sunshine sweet ! from heaven thou art—

An atmosphere of light ;

And if we did but act our part

'Twould make us heavenly bright.

Array'd in robes of living light,

Where'er our footsteps move,

Our life would soon appear to sight

An atmosphere of love.

The scoffer then would cease to urge

That Christians do not shine ;

While life's sad tears and funeral dirge

Would change for living wine.

An atmosphere of health and song

Would spread itself around ;

And songs would then our joy prolong

As others sunshine found.

THE LOVER'S TOUCHSTONE.



When flowers begin to droop their leaves
For want of dew and rain,
A shower will soon restore the bloom,
And make them fresh again :
But broken stems will never more
See rain or dew the bloom restore.

When in affection's sacred soil
Our virtues disagree,
The tender plants will soon revive
By breath of Charity :

But hearts all cold the token give,
That broken stems must cease to live.

When dust has settled on the urn
Of rare and costly mould,
The busy hand will soon remove
The dust from flowers of gold :
But shatter'd glass of crystal fair
Will never more be fit for wear.

And so it is when human hearts,—
Like altars made to burn
The incense sweet of love's pure gift,
To fill the memory's urn,—
Are fires unlit by vestal flame,
That cannot long abide the same.

THE CASTAWAY.



I.

I knew a garden fenced around,
Of odours rich, and fruitful ground,
Where thorns and weeds could ne'er be found
To make their stay.
But now that garden bare doth stand,
Resembling waste and fallow land,
Like Arab deserts of dry sand,—
A castaway.

II.

I knew a palace with its towers,
With stately walls, and princely bowers,
That flash'd its gems in golden showers,
By sunbeams' ray.

That palace now in ruins lies ;
Its pinnacles no longer rise
In majesty to greet the skies,—

A castaway.

III.

I knew a servant many years,
Whose safety ne'er awoke his fears
That faithlessness would cost him tears,
Both night and day.

But now, if you will look with me,
That servant fallen you will see,
In misery and poverty,—

A castaway.

IV.

I knew a minister of zeal,
Whose message melted hearts of steel ;
Nor did he fail himself to feel
Truth's solemn lay.

That man of God is put aside,
The zeal he had did not abide ;
And now the scoffer doth deride
The castaway.

V.

Of all the ruins I have seen,
In all the lands where I have been,
The ruin I would mostly screen—
And screen always—
Is that of one who once did know
His heart wax warm, and brightly glow
With love for souls all sunken low,—
For castaways.

VI.

As barren soil may be reclaim'd,

And stones of ruins be retain'd,

And service forfeited regain'd

And much beloved :

So may the ruin of the soul

Be yet restored—the heart made whole,

Like some fair architectural scroll

Not “disapproved.” *

* See Greek word for castaway (*αδοκιμος*—not approved).

KINDLINESS.



It costs but little to be kind
In a world so fair as ours,
Yet 'tis a rarity to find
This bloom of human flowers.

The want of kindliness brings death
To every social root ;
It scatters round its frosty breath,
And nips the flowers and fruit.

Sweet kindness will not grieve a heart,
But soothe its griefs to rest ;
And gentleness will heal a smart—
Not raise one in the breast.

This kindness will be polite
To one of humbler blood ;
And make a poor man richly bright
With kindly willinghood.

A gracious word from nobleman
Confirms him nobly bred :
Respectfulness in poorer man
Puts honour on his head.

I've seen a youth's bright beauty rare
Changed to a sickly form,
Thro' many a daily grief and care—
Thro' many an unkind storm :—

If kindly winds had fann'd that flower,
And kept its roots from shaking,
It had remain'd until this hour,
And saved a heart from breaking.



“GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.”



I.

GATHER'D fragments of our time,
As from day to day it hastes ;
Making common things sublime,—
What another sadly wastes.
And if we have let it pass
Without prayer and busy hands,
From time's broken hour-glass
We may gather scatter'd sands.

II.

Fragments choice of human speech,
Dropp'd from lips bedew'd by Truth ;
Words to cheer, and words to teach
Both the aged and the youth :
Gather them, and make a store,
Like the bee of honey sweet,
And the precious mental lore
Shall be thine in wintry sleet.

III.

Fragments sweet of human love,
Like rich grapes of festive boards,—
Food which, wheresoe'er we move,
Wine of sympathy affords.
Waste it not when it doth fall
From some neighbour's goodly vine ;
Gather it, and use it all,
It will make thy face to shine.

IV.

Fragments of some stray word spoken,—

Such as “birds of passage” drop,—

Giving to thy faith the token

Of a shining harvest crop ;

Take that seed, and give it soil,

Give it ample space to grow ;

It will pay thee for thy toil,

When the ripen'd corn shall show.

V.

Fragments of some generous deeds,

Like rich mines of golden wealth,—

Wealth to succour human needs,

Giving gladness, giving health,—

Make the philanthropic heart

Model for a noble strife ;

Learning the sublimest art—

How to hoard the wealth of life.

VI.

Wealth shall thus before thee go
To the mansions of the just,
Where the soul shall meet no foe
To accuse the miser's lust :
Wealth shall thus make wings to soar,
When it goes away from thee,—
Waiting at the shining door,
To present its golden key.

VII.

Fragments of some cheerful service,
Render'd in the Sabbath School,
Filling up some little crevice,
In compliance with Love's rule :
Small may be thy gifts and powers,
Little prized by those around ;
But the sweetest choicest flowers
Often grow in shady ground.

VIII.

Fragments of some heart all broken,
Like the links of golden chain,—
Links which hands of love may open,
And restore to use again :
Gather them, though wide apart,
Gather them and make them whole ;
Heal the wounds, and cheer the heart,
Link the chain to golden bowl :—

IX.

Thereby thou a well shalt open,
Whence will issue waters clear,
Drawn by chain that once was broken,
When no golden bowl was near.
And those living waters streaming
Shall enrich thee—shall be thine,
While the Saviour's face is beaming—
Turning water into wine.

X.

How much wealth lies sadly wasted ?

How much bread is thrown away ?

How much wine remains untasted ?

How much fruit spoilt by decay ?

Wealth that would enrich another ;

Bread that would from famine save ;

Wine to cheer a fainting brother

Fruit some parchèd lips to lave.

XI.

Scatter, then, abroad thy treasure ;

Give the bread of life away ;

Serve thy best wine out with pleasure,

And the fruit, both night and day :

Gather up the fragments wasted,

Falling from a sumptuous board ;

Let them not remain untasted,

When they may rich feasts afford.

THE LIGHT OF NIGHT ;

OR, THE BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.



THE glowworm burns and glistens like a star,
But 'tis the darkness makes it look so bright;
Its hidden life would never cast its light
But for the night, which makes it known afar.

The hidden splendours of the precious mine
Lie all conceal'd beneath the darkling soil :
Nor could they flash their rays but for rough toil ;
And in the night most brightly do they shine.

'Tis when the dews descend on fields and flowers,
And dusky mantle hides the trees from sight,
The evening primrose sheds its beauties bright,
And with God's eye keeps watch thro' silent hours.

The stars come out and glow when falls the night ;
The nightingale sings sweetly in the shade ;
And thoughts soar high, in holy light array'd,
When hours of grief exclude the world from sight.

Our hearts are prone to murmur, when the veil
Drops from a Father's hand and shades the light ;
We sit in gloom and mourn because 'tis night,
And o'er our vanish'd joys pour out the wail.

When, afterwards, we issue from the dark,
To find that sorrow's veil did shade the light
In love—to save us from the loss of sight—
We rise and sing with joyous song of lark :

✓
The sunshine falls upon our wings of dew ;
Then—like the hoar-frost on our evergreens,
All rich in pearls—we see the shining screens
Which in the night are wrought, but out of view.

Our Father makes the shades of night to fall,
That we his children light around may shed ;
That light and life, which sometimes seem
quite dead,
May glow and burn most bright at sorrow's call.

And if these thoughts should cast some cheerful
light,
And sing to thankful hearts a joyous psalm ;
Or bring to troubled souls a soothing balm,—
The debt is due to Him who maketh night.

THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.



SHE loved her Bible as mariners love
The stars. As the steersman's hand falls softly
On the helm, and darkness grows less dreary
Beneath the shining groves of heaven's lamps,—
So did she oft beguile lone hours, and break
Time's dull monotony ; her slender fingers
Playing about the letters of her book—
Like sunny children among wild flowers :
Thus finding, in the mystic sense of touch,
The eye-sight of her soul.

But she was poor.

And stern demands of poverty made claims
Upon the sensitiveness of touch, which fill'd
Her heart with anxious care, lest work of hands
Should do with second sight what disease
Had wrought in the tender organ of vision.
As, from day to day, the skin grew harder,
Her loved employment grew more difficult—
The sense of touch becoming dull. She took
A knife, and sharpen'd it, and shaved away
The hard insensate surface ; removing
Thereby the obstruction of living streams.

But alas !

The expediency was useless—a failure
Sad and heart-rending : now she could not work.
The stern, relentless law of necessity
Asserted its loud claims, and soon prevail'd.

The hunger of the body could not meet
Its wants by sitting at the shining gate
Of Truth's rich Temple. She must work or die.

A future, dark and cheerless, unfolded
Its ghostly visions of weeping willows,
And mourning cypresses, o'ershadowing graves.
The summer of her life was dying out
Without a spring to follow. The fountain
Of her spirit's joy was soon to find a stone
And seal upon it, too strong for human hands
To roll away. The bright and cheerful lights
Of her soul's horizon were doom'd to be
Extinguish'd. She felt herself approaching
The chill mists of a living sepulchre.
In view of such a tomb was it not meet
That tears should fall ?
- Her faltering voice arose to heaven,
And mournful words broke forth :—

These eyes have long been closed to rays

Of sunbeams soft and bright ;

The only sun to cheer my days

Has been in this blest light :

And now the dark eclipse has come,

To take all sunshine from my home.

Farewell, thou choice and precious gift,

Since we must henceforth part !

No more wilt thou my soul uplift

When cares creep o'er my heart !

I go my way from Eden's bowers,

No more to pluck its fragrant flowers.

These lips will oft be dry and parch'd

For want of thy cool streams,

Before my feet much more have march'd

Where sandy desert gleams :

My heart will scarce sustain its pains

Upon life's dry and arid plains.

Like sweet and gentle life of stars,
Which other eyes do see,
Like white and glistening mineral spars,
Thy truths have shone to me :
Such to my mind's dark firmament
Has been the light which thou hast lent.

And now these warm and tender lights
Must fade and fast decline,
Without the hope—in dismal nights—
That daylight soon will shine,—
That morning's fair and welcome dawn
Will see "night watches" far withdrawn.

When in lone hours I sit and weep
Because I read no more,
May holy dews my spirit steep
In dreams of that blest shore
Where life shall be a waking dream,
And dreams with endless light shall gleam.

Her quivering lips linger'd about the book;
Kisses fast and fervent fell—bedewing
The hallow'd pages ; as when a mother
Hangs upon the neck of her sailor boy,
Ere the first voyage is taken, with sobs
Of strong weeping.

Yes, she linger'd,
Like the reluctant emigrant leaving
The loved familiar scenes of childhood's days ;
Feeling misgivings, or dark forebodings,
In a future untried and lonely.

Presently

The thrill of a new and strange sensation
Ran thro' her soul. The sense of untried power—
Of a new faculty travailing in birth—
Subdued her convulsive grief ; made her calm ;
Came upon the dark night of her sorrow

Like the footfall of Christ upon the lake
Of Galilee, stilling and radiating
The troubled waters with the strange presence
Of a celestial brightness. And, as when
The affrighted sailors heard thro' the roar
Of winds the echoes of the Master's voice,
Something within her heart said "Peace, be still!"

Her lips had caught the departing spirit
Of her interpretating fingers. She
Had made a discovery—revealing
A gift most strange—the possibility
Of extracting, with her lips, the honey
Of celestial truth. Those ardent kisses,
Falling on her Book, God had "breathed into,"
And to them given a living soul to read
The living Word.

It was a discovery, born of grief,
Like many rare and priceless gifts of God.

Henceforth her heart was still ; her joy complete.
And thus she moved about from day to day,
Gathering with her hands the bread to feed
The life that fails ; while with her lips she sipp'd
The honey-food from the Rock of Ages—
Deposited by Him who once fulfill'd,
In His own great sufferings, Samson's riddle—
“ Out of the eater came forth meat, and out
Of the strong came forth sweetness ”—
Samson's dark riddle : God's bright enigma !



CHILDREN.



WERE the earth without its flowers,
And the gardens without showers ;
Did no notes of music sing,
And the winter know no spring ;—
Such to me would life appear
Without children—dark and drear.

Like the sea-wave's dancing spray,
Like the rippling streams that play,
Like the sunbeam's joyous light,—
Such are children to my sight.

Like the carolling of birds,
Like the music of the herds,
Like joy-bells at festive cheer,—
Such are children to my ear.

Like the fresh and dewy morn,
Ere the cloudy day is born,
Like the evening's holy calm,—
Children bring to me a balm.

With a philosophic gaze
Children oft see through a maze,
Which confounds the Sage's sight—
Blinded by excess of light.

God His living truth can tell
Where no stones seal up the well;
Children's souls no barriers know
To prevent the streams to flow.

Children nearer heaven are
Than are men that live afar
From the One who loves so well
With the fresh child-heart to dwell.

Earth will nearer heaven be
When the earth once more shall see
Men whose hearts have no dark fears—
Each a child, but in full years.



LOVE.

LINES, WRITTEN BY REQUEST, ON THE WORDS : “ HE THAT
LOVETH OFTEN LOVETH NEVER.”



THESE words are true if love mean nothing more
Than passion's fondness, in a silly hour,
For some vain form appearing thro' a door,
Bedeck'd in gay attire, with many a flower.

The outward beauty may be rare to see,
When hands at toilet-work have been most clever ;
But, tho' the face is fair, the heart may never be
· “ A thing of beauty and a joy for ever.”

And so, when surface glow dissolves away,
The love, so falsely call'd, doth likewise pass ;
The beauty is too shallow long to stay,—
Just like its own vain shadow in the glass.

When love is but the shadow of a joy,
That wins the promised vow of friendship's hand,
It falls to pieces like a childish toy,
Because it was not tied by golden band.

The love that lasts is of immortal bloom,
It is the offspring of eternal grace ;
It lives, star-like, in clearness and in gloom,—
Obscured at times, but always in its place.

The heart that loveth often loveth never,
Where love is but a sensuous thing at best ;
But he that loveth truly shall for ever
Wear love's pure jewel on his girded breast.

THE REBUKE.



I.

YE stars of light, serenely bright,
I often see you shining ;
And sigh for life to end all strife,
And cease all earth's repining !
O calm and bright celestial shore,
O strangely peaceful land,
I long to soar, and sin no more
Upon thy sacred strand !

II.

Be still my heart, and act thy part,
And cease thy soul's repining ;
Thy life is dear, and heaven is near,
If thou wilt do thy shining !
Tho' earth is stain'd, and knows no rest,
And little light is seen,—
Do God's behest ; He'll call thee blest,
And make thy heart serene.



“HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.”

MARK VII., 37.



I.

AT marriage festival

His power He show'd :

The water glow'd,

And wine o'erflow'd ;

And it did shine

The “best” of wine,

For He did all things well.

II.

O heart ! thy fears dispel ;
And learn to know
That out of woe
Sweet juice may flow,—
That “best” of wine
Is ever thine
When He works all things well.

III.

He sat on “Jacob’s well ;”
And by strong words,
Like two-edged swords,
He cut the cords
That tightly bound
The one there found ;
And managed it so well.

IV.

The blind and lame did call :
Men without sight
Call'd out for light,
For objects bright :
And sore disease
Did ask for ease.
He cured and bless'd them all.

V.

Foul leprosy befell
Some that He blest—
Among the rest—
With blood the best :
Health thro' them ran,
And they began
To sing—"He heals so well!"

VI.

And one her soul did sell,
To be a slave
In sin's dark cave,
With none to save :
But when she heard
The Saviour's word,
He saved, and saved so well !

VII.

Like answers to a bell
He heard the call
Of great and small,
From sorrow's hall.
To every class
He gave "a pass,"
Yet kept the gates so well !

VIII.

Strong death heard His quick voice :

“Mighty to save,”

He from the grave

Beloved ones gave ;

And they who wept,

And they who slept,

Together did rejoice.

IX.

The news began to swell ;

And friends around,

Who heard the sound,

The raised ones found ;

To join in song,

And praise prolong

To Him who “did” so well.

X.

And, by the self-same will
That raised the dead,
The crowds He fed
With wholesome bread ;
And thus to prove
How God, in love,
Can always feed us well.

XI.

Proud Pharisees did bring,
From moral jail,
A woman frail ;
And told their tale.
A tender gaze,
Like healing rays,
Gleam'd from the gentle King :—

XII.

His voice reproving fell ;
And they who came
Only to blame
Return'd in shame.
The guilty soul
Was then made whole,
And sang—" He pardons well !"

XIII.

By power no tongue can tell
Strong waves He laid,
Rough winds he stay'd,
And fears allay'd :
Then frighten'd men
All sang again—
" He doeth all things well !"

XIV.

And when in Heaven we dwell,
 From storms all free,
 And Jesus see,
 The song shall be—
 As we go through
 Our life's review—

"He hath done all things well!"

The preaching in Thatch Parish Church,
 Peris on Eph. 1st Sunday, 1923.
 Aug 19th 1923. 12 Sunday after Trinity.
 The Vicar the Rev E. Chamberlain
 said this miracle was unique
 in that it was the only one
 to draw an involuntary exclamation
 of praise & adoration from the
 people who were with Christ.
 In that he made one who was deaf
 & dumb in his blood to

“GATES AJAR.”



I.

YE “jasper walls” of glory !

What tongue can speak the story

Of all the forms of life within your spacious bound?

No eye hath seen the treasures,

No heart conceived the pleasures,

Which in your gardens fair eternally are found.

II.

O rare and princely dwelling,
Beyond a mortal's telling !
Thy matchless purity no human mind can know :
Where temples are not needed,
Nor temple-rites are heeded ;
Where Church contentions cease, and hearts with
praises glow.

III.

Ye "many mansions" gleaming
With love that's never seeming—
Where scattered friendships meet to separate no
more ;
Where hearts are never dreary,
And limbs are never weary,
The home where we shall love as we never loved
before !

IV.

O world all worlds excelling,
Where anthem-notes are swelling !
I sigh to hear thy music and join thy choral bands ;
Where quenchless light is shining,
And life knows no declining,
And angel footsteps glide along thy golden sands.

V.

Ye pearly "gates ajar,"
I see you from afar,
And wait for swift, glad wings to reach your
peaceful shore ;
Where friends are all "in waiting,"
At gates that know no grating,
And never have been closed since they went on
before !

“HEDGED IN.”

WRITTEN AFTER READING E. S. PHELPS' INTERESTING
LITTLE BOOK, ENTITLED “HEDGED IN.”



WE'RE stumbling sadly every day—
Ourselves to blame alone—
By putting from us as vile clay
Some choice and precious stone.

'Tis true that many whom we meet,
Like stones unclean and coarse,
Are but the refuse of the street,
And go from “bad to worse.”

But there are those who, like a star
Conceal'd behind a cloud,
Would shine as jewels from afar,
Did not our mists enshroud.

We stand apart at distance great
Behind our fences high,
Surprised to learn, when oft too late,
That angels have pass'd by.

'Tis not till Jesus comes to us,
With His bright searching lamp,
That, like the old blind Pharisees,
We see the golden stamp.

We see the Saviour clean the coin
He found on sin's highway ;
And then we hear His voice enjoin
The coin no more to stray.

And, thus rebuked, we go to learn

The meaning of that word :

“ Into ‘ highways and hedges ’ turn,

And show the love of God.”

To me, O Lord, the sight impart—

To me the spirit give

To read aright Thy tender heart,

And tenderly to live.

So when across my path shall come

Some wandering child of sin,

Led to Thy heart, as to a home,

I will pronounce her clean.

HOW A CHILD CORRECTED HER
FATHER'S BAD SPELLING.



THE sceptic's child of tender years
Lay dying in a dismal room,
While peace within did scatter fears,
And light from heaven dispersed the gloom.

Beneath that roof a darkness dwelt—
A darkness denser than the night ;
The sceptic's heart had never felt
The joyous beams of heavenly light.

With heart as hard as mind was dark,
He swore himself the foe of Truth;
And sought to quench the sacred spark
That glow'd within the heart of youth.

“My child,” he said, “renounce the creed
Imparted in the Sabbath school;
A father's admonition heed,
Nor turn it now to ridicule.”

And thereupon the chalk he took,
And wrote upon the barefaced wall
His creed, whereon the child might look
Before she heard the mortal call.

He wrote with firm and steady hand—
He made the letters boldly stare;
And then before them made a stand,
To read the words,—“*God is no where.*”

To simple faith's instinctive light

The sentence strange shone out all clear ;

Her heart denied the sense of sight,

And spelt it thus :—" *God-is-no-w-here !*"

The sceptic's heart began to melt,

The fountain seal'd broke out in tears ;

Before the God of Truth he knelt,

To find His grace who always hears.

How much mis-spelling thus exists

Where Reason takes the place of Faith !

The mind, obscured by sceptic mists,

Perverts what revelation saith.

'Tis to the child Truth ever speaks,

Where clouds obstruct not heavenly rays ;

O'er simple minds a glory streaks,

Reflecting back to God its praise.

Block up the course of waters clear,
And o'er the banks the streams will flow,
'To gladden little children near,
In rivulets that sing and glow.

The gates that lead to Truth's grand dome
Are straightly shut to Reason's pride ;
What multitudes outside do roam,
While to the child they open wide !

Within those gates the humble mind
Beholds interpretations bright,
Which sceptic hearts can never find,
'Thro' unbelief's refracted light.

CHARITY.

LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.



STRONG billows heaved with swelling waves,
and dash'd

Their spray about the broken spars that floated
Round a shipwreck'd form. With imploring look—
Bespeaking, too, an agonizing purpose—
She lifted a prayer to heaven, and ask'd
That God would strengthen her weak hands, to
clasp
The only refuge from the yawning waste
Of waters.

By the light of the glimmering rays, that fell
Thro' the riven murky clouds, I saw her
Safely reach the rock, the dripping waters
Falling from her flowing robes.

I beheld her once more direct her gaze
To heaven, to thank and bless the helping hand
Of her great Deliverer. Then turning,
And glancing round, she spied a sinking sister,
Whose outstretch'd hand was quickly seized, and
held,
Until her feet were on the sheltering rock.
The gleams of light now fell in copious streams,
Radiating the countenance, and sunning
The breast, and impurpling the robes of her
Whose name was thenceforth "Charity."

I stood and look'd, and meditated long ;
And wonder'd how it was that painter's brush

Could put upon the canvas forms that draw
The falling tears from the admiring eyes
Of those who, day by day, behold the souls
Of shipwreck'd sisters, and who pass them by
With cold and haughty looks, and pitiless scorn,—
As tho' a human soul, with God's own image
Stamp'd, were of less consequence than a few
Choice colours thrown upon a bare canvas
By a well-skill'd hand.



SAFETY AND PEACE.

“Simon Peter saith unto Him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.”—JOHN xiii., 9.



LORD, Thou hast cleansed me ; keep me clean !

Protect my priestly robes from stain ;

Defend me from accusing pain ;

And keep my conscience all serene.

Lord, Thou hast cleansed me ; keep me clean .

Keep Thou my thoughts from sinful blight,

And let my mind be pure and bright—

All burnish'd with a mental sheen.

Lord, Thou hast cleansed me ; keep me clean !

Keep Thou the sandals of my feet,

While walking thro' life's dusty street ;

Let not defiling soil be seen.

Lord, Thou hast cleansed me ; keep me clean !

Secure my hands in work for Thee,

And make me know the liberty

That will not do the thing that's mean.

Lord, Thou hast cleansed me ; keep me clean !

Enclose my heart with love's pure flame,

And on that heart write Thy bright name,

And let not idols intervene.

Thus, gracious Lord, preserve me clean !

Enfold me by Thy sheltering wing,

That I to Thee may closely cling,

And make Thy wing my radiant screen.

THE YEAR OF LIFE



I.

LOOKING at the trees in spring
 Spreading out their tender leaves,
I have seen those leaflets cling
 To their stems like smiling sheaves ;
And the next day I have seen,
 Floating on the stormy breeze,
New-born hopes of spring all green
 For the trodden soil to seize.

II.

I have seen an infant cling
To the mother's loving breast,—
Life that made that mother sing,
As her babe she fondly prest.
But before another day
I beheld that mother's grief,
Weeping o'er the mortal clay
Of her fresh-born wither'd leaf.

III.

In the early summer's morn,
Ere the leaves are fully green—
Ere full summer's life is born,
On the ground young leaves are seen :
Emblem of the blighted bloom
Of the youth whose life was brief—
Summon'd to an early tomb,
There to lie like faded leaf.

IV.

In midsummer's sultry day,
When the trees are fully grown,
We may see the sodden clay
Where the full-blown leaves are strown :
Teaching thus the busy brain,—
Bow'd before its idol-chief,
All intent on making gain,—
Life may close in summer leaf.

V.

When the autumn tempests blow,
And grey shades begin to fall,—
When the flowers no longer grow,
And the echoes cease to call,—
When the old man's steps are few,
Follow'd close by mortal thief,—
Then the grave appears in view,
And he falls with autumn leaf.

VI.

Thus at every stage of life—

In all seasons of our year—

Life is short, and death is rife,

Everywhere we see the bier.

Oh, thou prophet of a leaf !

To my heart thy message send ;

Then my year, however brief,

Shall accomplish life's great end.



A FAREWELL SONG.



I.

We meet our friends in gladness,
Whom time hath parted long ;
And for a while all sadness
Gives place to words of song :
Then hearts and hands,
By love's bright bands,
Are clasp'd in friendship strong.

II.

The hours with rapid motion
Steal on, and cannot stay ;
Like streams that glide to ocean
They will not brook delay :
The hours are few ;
“ Farewell ! ” “ Adieu ! ”
We then are heard to say.

III.

Our pleasures here are fading,
But lasting joys are near ;
Our sun is ever waning,
But Heaven's light is clear :
Then marriage bells,
And no farewells,
We evermore shall hear.

IV.

Thus hope amidst our sorrow
Shall linger in the heart,
Expecting a bright morrow
When tears shall cease to start—
When hearts and hands,
In blissful lands,
Shall not be forced to part.



“ALL PAINT; NO BRUSH.”

The words at the head of this poem were casually uttered by an unknown speaker. They have been used to illustrate *Life's incompleteness and unfinished work*. What fine talent and choice colours would be to a painter without the brush, such are mental, and material, and all other endowments without a high moral purpose in life. Human life-work is, too often, nothing better than a moral daub, for want of the proper brush.



HEARING at my window sash

Speech, too often vainly spoke,

Suddenly my mind awoke

By the words, “*All paint; no brush.*”

What the stranger thereby taught,

Afterwards I did not learn;

But my soul could soon discern

That the words were full of thought.

Presently I felt a rush
Of strange things within my mind ;
And I straightway sought to find
For my thoughts both paint and brush.

So I sketch'd within my book
Visions floating thro' my brain,
Visions of the mighty slain,
Whereupon the mind might look ;—

Visions of great picture halls,
Where the works of men were shown,
Where bright paint was rudely thrown
On those Exhibition walls :—

Pictures of fantastic forms—
Colours rich, no want of paint,
Forms of wearied ones all faint,
Like worn passengers in storms.

Philosophic men were there,
With strange powers to scan and pry
Into things of earth and sky;
But who fail'd thro' want of prayer.

Colours rare and gifts of skill,
God had given to use for him ;
But their work was blurr'd and dim,
For they had no Spirit's quill.

Statesmen, with ambition's flush,
On those walls transfer'd their acts ;
Whose great lives were barren facts ;
For they painted without brush.

Scribes and bards, of lustrous fame—
Men whose works were household gods,
Ruling with their golden rods,
Throned in state, and robed in flame ;—

Orators, with wondrous gush
And wealth of overflowing speech ;—
These were represented each ;
But without the living brush.

Warriors, too, who sought to crush
Human forms of kindred blood,
Heedless of man's brotherhood,—
Painted there without a brush.

Kings, who loved the battle's rush,
Playing dice with souls of men,
Ending life with stroke of pen,—
Left red spots without a brush.

Men who hated life's calm hush,
In the hot pursuit of gain,—
They were there among the slain ;
Life's work lost for want of brush.

Youth were there, without a blush,
In their work of shame and sin :
Hope's pure forms once glow'd within,
Which they spoilt for want of brush.

And within those vision halls
Other works of men I saw,
Having not sad failure's flaw
Written on life's picture walls.

In these corridors of souls
Long I stroll'd with joyous gaze,
Where I saw bright glories blaze
From the radiant aureoles.

Artists here, with steadfast aim,
Left their living pictures fair—
Falling from the hands of prayer ;
Earning an illustrious fame.

Then I heard a strange remark,
As bright angels fix'd their eyes
On the pictures of the wise,
And upon them left their mark,—

Saying, as they went and came,
“We will come again one day,
When we hear the Master say—
‘Carry the awards of Fame.’—

“Then the pictures of these halls
We will take and with them soar
Thro’ the bright and pearly door,
For God’s Exhibition Walls.”

EXCELSIOR !

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY WHOSE LAST
WORD WAS "HIGHER !"



I.

LIFE had been a thing of gladness,

She was young to die !

And at first a sense of sadness

Heaved a mournful sigh—

As she saw a hand unravel

Brightest hopes of earthly travel—

Mounting Higher.

II.

But the sadness soon departed,
With all tearful sighs ;
From the tomb she no more started.
Glory fill'd her eyes :
For her ears had caught the singing
Of the bells of heaven ringing
“ Higher ! Higher ! ”

III.

Voices of the loved were calling ;
Friendship's grasp was nigh ;
Mortal shades around were falling
Closing beaming eye :
While a whisper, scarcely heard,
Sounded out this radiant word—
“ Higher ! Higher ! ”

IV.

She beheld the angels waiting
At the golden door ;
And thus felt her spirit mating
With the earth no more :
Blessed hands a crown were bringing,
Sweetest voices now were singing—
“ Higher ! Higher ! ”

V.

Waiting for the grand ascension—
For the wings of flame—
She was listening for the mention
Of her call by name :
And her whisper, scarcely heard,
Was the angels' echo'd word—
“ Higher ! Higher ! ”

VI.

Mortal hearing heard no singing ;
Eyes saw nothing near
Save the lifeless form still clinging
To a hand most dear :
On seraphic wings of fire
She had join'd the heavenly choir—
Mounting Higher !



JOSEPH.

GENESIS XLIX., 22, 23.



JOSEPH, like a fruitful vine,
Grew strong “ beside a well ;”
His leaves were green, his branches spread,
The fruit did richly swell.

The cruel “ archers ” came that way,
With wantonness of heart ;
They shot their arrows at the tree,—
Each was a poison’d dart.

The savage weapons fail'd to hurt
The vine so strong and tall ;
The branches only spread the more
Along its ancient wall.

The deadly venom that was aim'd
By quivering jealousy,
Did but add richness to the soil,
And vigour to the tree.

And as it grew for many years
Against its ancient prop,
There came again a band of men,
Who saw the clusters drop.

Impell'd by famine's cruel law
From land and home to haste,
They came that way to save dear life,
And Egypt's food to taste.

They sat beside a pleasant stream,
Where at their feet did fall,
From branches laden heavily,
The fruit from off the wall.

They drank the waters, clear and cool ;
They ate the pleasant food ;
When suddenly they all recall'd
The place where now they stood.

With one accord their hearts gave way,
Repentance to begin ;
But not alone their folly mourn'd—
They also wept for sin.

'Tis even thus with souls forgiven ;
They mourn the guilty strife
That shut their hearts against the One
Who gave for them His life.

Should not our hearts unfold to love,
As flowers unfold to light,
And closed affections open wide
To Him who gives us sight ?

And as the wall was high and strong,
O'er which the love came down,
So let our hearts be citadels
Where sin is overthrown.

O'er every " wall " of human pride,
And little party strife,
Let those who dwell outside the fence
Partake the common life.

The food that drops from heavenly hands
Is food enough for all ;
It came to us ungrudgingly—
Ungrudging let it fall.

To all alike, of every creed,
The precious fruit that falls
Should drop around unsparingly,
O'er all partition walls.



THE SLAVE.

BEFORE AND AFTER EMANCIPATION.



I.

THE light is free ! The light is free !

It shines on all,

In hut and hall,

On great and small :

The light is bright with liberty !

But I am bound

To tyrants' ground ;

And fenced about

By the blood-hound scout.

The light is free, and sweet to see !

Unlike my life

Of bitter strife.

II.

The air is free ! The air is free !

It steals perfume

From the garden's bloom,

For the sick man's room :

The air is sweet with liberty !

Its cooling fan,

On the wounded man,

Doth soothe his brain

On the battle plain.

The air is free, and comes to me,

But not to bring

Life on its wing.

III.

The streams are free ! the streams are free !

They come and go,

In constant flow,

To make life grow :

The streams are full of liberty !

From the mountain crown,
To valleys brown,
Their life they bring
To fruits of spring.
The streams are free, and to the sea
Pursue their course,
Uncheck'd by force.

IV.

And out at sea, all bright and free,
They bear away,
By night and day,
On shining spray
The freighted vessels fair to see !
Whose sails of white
Sport with the light
Of soft sunbeams,
And moonlight gleams.

But not for me doth the bright blue sea
Brings vessels free
Of liberty.

* * * * *

V.

Yes, I am free ! I too am free !
The cursed gain
Of galling chain
Is henceforth slain :
Sweet liberty has come to me !
A hand of might
Hath put to flight,
And turn'd to song
A cruel wrong.
The light, and air, and streams, are free !
And, with the sea,
I, too, am free !

VI.

And now, my soul, thy name enroll

To be a slave

To Him who gave

His life to save :

This is the work of souls made whole.

If slaves observe

The one they serve,

Let us be slaves

To Him who saves,

Thus, O my soul, let Christ control

Thy heart and mind,

Thy powers combined !

GOD'S STAR.



SAILING on the troubled waters

Of life's dark tempestuous main,

Many are the sad disasters,

And the sea-waifs of the slain.

Many noble boats have founde'r'd—

Many stately forms gone down,

In the night of darkness stranded,

On whose path no light was thrown.

Deep below the sea is treasure,
Treasure rare from many climes,
Sought with care, and found with pleasure,
Ending in the sea-waves' chimes.

Thus untimely is the ending
Of parental hopes and prayers ;
Youth's bright expectations tending
To an end of bitter cares.

Like a boat without its rudder—
Like a rider without reins—
Such are souls without the Saviour,
Whom the love of sin enchains.

Like the bright and polar star,
Shining thro' the stormy night ;
Such, all beaming from afar,
Is the Saviour's living light.

And that star so constant shining
Over seas with tempest tost,
Safely steers my vessel, gliding
Past the beacons of the lost.

Brother ! heed that star so tender !
By its light your vessel steer ;
To its guide your heart surrender,
And avoid the dangers near.



THE CITY GATES.



I.

How many have gone in,
Purged clean from every sin !
Henceforth to shine as bright
And beautiful as light ;
And like the light to be
From all contagion free ;
Without a single stain
To vex the soul with pain.

II.

The poor have cross'd the floor,
And enter'd thro' the door
That never yet was known
On poverty to frown;
Nor ever will be seen
To harbour aught so mean
As pride of wealth and place,
In souls of common race.

III.

And with the poor do meet—
And there each other greet—
The noble and the great,
With those of princely state;
For there redeeming blood
Decides the brotherhood,
Who never know the shame
Of vaunting in a name.

IV.

And there the weak and frail,
Impell'd by many a gale
To cross life's stormy sea,
Are from all tempests free:
No more with billows strong
To wrestle with the wrong ;
Nor in their gloom of soul
To sigh for strong control.

V.

The weary, too, are there,
Whose life was full of care ;
Whose hours were often fraught
With so much anxious thought.
From care they all are free,
Their hearts as full of glee
And light as ocean's spray
That with the sunbeams play.

VI.

And there also are youth,
Who wore the belt of truth
To gird them for the strife
And victory of life.
Before the youthful sun¹
Its morning's course had run,
Their early race did close
For heaven's sweet repose.

VII.

And with them doth belong
A sweetly radiant throng
Of little ones all fair,
Like flowers most choice and rare,—
Whom, 'ere the frost set in
Of dark and blighting sin,
The angel-reapers bore
To heaven's pearly floor.

VIII.

And last, not least, are they
Whose locks with age were grey ;
Who bent their tired feet
Thro' wind, and snow, and sleet ;
And onward urged their way
To gates of cloudless day,
Where now in light they shine—
In life without decline.

IX.

Together there they dwell,
Where songs of rapture swell ;
Together there they walk,
And with unwearied talk
They praise the blessed King,
That He to heaven did bring,
From every land and clime,
A multitude sublime.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.



IN things both near and far,
To what shall I compare
A mother's memory fair?
'Tis like the evening star,—
So near and yet so far!

IN things both high and low,
To what shall I compare
The graces she did wear?
So like the pure white snow,
And sunset's golden glow!

In things both new and old,
To what shall I compare
Her soft and tender care?
So like a shepherd's fold,
To screen the lambs from cold!

In life that fragrance grows;
To what shall I compare
Her sympathy so rare?
So like a scented rose
Beside a stream that flows!

In things all great—not small—
To what shall I compare,
And how the love declare,—
The love so full of power,—
Which with a trumpet call
Did save me from a fall,
In dark temptation's hour?

MY FATHER'S PICTURE.



THY form is bent, but fair to see
As some old oaken evergreen,
Beneath whose shelter oft I've been :
The tree tho' bent is dear to me.

Thy head is like the frosty spray
That sits upon the ocean deep ;
And like the waters, when they sleep,
Thy heart is as a peaceful Bay.

Thine eyes are like the isles of light
That glimmer in night's starry arch ;
And like those stars thy thoughts keep march
With God's pure laws that bring no blight.

Thy faith is like a much-tried boat,
O'erwhelm'd at times by billows strong,
And made to reel and stagger long,
Yet always has been kept afloat.

Like mountains reaching to the skies,
And standing firm thro' waste of years,
And oft bedew'd by ocean's tears,
Thy love still feels thy children's sighs.

And when instead of sighs they sing,
Yet is thy heart like mountain crest,
The sun dispersing from thy breast
The clouds that check the soul's bright wing.

Thy hope is like a child at school,
Repining not, but glad to go
To cross the Home's bright portico,
Where time's restraints shall cease to rule.

The loved companion of thy hours
Has left thee long to walk alone,
And like the lonely dove to moan ;
But has not left thee without flowers.

And when with her thy dust shall rest,
Those flowers upon thy grave shall grow ;
And thither will thy children go
To read the memories of the blest.

THE BEST TIME.

JOHN VII., 6, 8.



STORMY billows foam around me,
 Tempest clouds are in the sky ;
Troubles gather thick about me,
 And I ask the reason why.

Soon, amidst my faith's commotion,
 Accents, like an evening chime,
Soothe my heart with balmy lotion,
 Saying, "*Fear not ! bide my time !*"

So my faith reposes restful,
Like the little child asleep,—
No more frighten'd, no more fretful,
Thro' some dream that made it weep.

Then my heart, fill'd with devotion,
Sings aloud its well-known rhyme,
Thanking Him who gives promotion
To the faith that waits His time.



THE GARDEN GRAVE.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.



I HAD a garden beautiful to see,
Enclosed by fences strong, and full of flowers;
With calm retired walks of scented bowers;
So rich in sunshine, and from clouds so free !

Within my garden fence I used to sing,
With song of bird that at my window hung ;
Its notes all sweet, its harp of voice well strung,
Lone hours beguiled, and did much pleasure bring.

A day of sadness and of grief was born ;
The cruel bird of prey came on the wing :
From that day forth my bird could no more sing ;
And left me in my garden most forlorn.

The garden still is there, and fair to see,
But one sad plot appears, and will remain
In cloud and sunshine ever still the same :
My garden holds the grave of bird of glee.

The summers come and go, as once they did ;
And fruits and flowers most choice and sweet
still live,
With pleasant streams that life and music give :
Yet, in my garden lies a coffin-lid.

But lest this garden I should much abuse,
In making sorrow very dark and bold,
Above the coffin-lid, and clay so cold,
The roses grow, all bright with lively hues.

The garden of my heart contains a tomb,
But all around the tomb Hope's roses glow ;
And in my memory's ear sweet strains oft flow ;
My birdie sings and shines in heaven's bloom,
Robbing my garden grave of half its gloom.



“THEY HAVE NO WINE.”

JOHN II., 3, 4.



WOMAN blest beyond all others !

Thou wast human, like us all ;
Like thy sisters and thy brothers,
Faith in thee was sometimes small.

He who was thy human son
Was the mighty Son of God,
Who, before time's course begun,
Ruled archangels by His word.

All forgetful of His power,
Of the eyes that always shine,
We would hasten on the hour
When the Saviour gives His wine.

“We’ve no wine,” our doubt is saying :
Jesus answers, “ Yes, I know ;
And the reason of delaying
Is to make it brightly glow.”

Surely He who loves us strongly,
Better than our thoughts can tell,
Will for us do nothing wrongly,
Cannot but for us do well.

If the wine of life is failing
Nothing can His love confine ;
And His power is all-availing
To induce the flow of wine.

Yet our questions doubt His power,
And our thoughts His love confine ;
Still He urges—" Wait my hour,
When the wine will flow and shine."

So we wait a little longer ;
Then our hearts become more calm ;
And our faith becomes the stronger
Bringing to our souls a charm ;—

For His wine our lips have tasted ;
And it has lit up the brow :
Then we sing—" Tho' wine we've wasted
Thou hast kept the best till now !"

VOICES OF THE STARS.



I.

YE ancient stars, whose light sublime
Hath shone thro' centuries of time,
On patriarchs and prophets old,
In burning zones and regions cold !—
Your ancient light, O stars, I see,
And think how rich in thought are ye—
How changeless thro' long weary years
The light of truth and love appears !

II.

O, constant stars ! ye keep your place
Like names of some illustrious race,
Whose shining crest from age to age
Remains on bright heraldic page ;
Rebuking by your steadfast beams
The short-lived light that “only seems,”—
The soul erratic, wandering far
With light extinct—a shooting star.

III.

Your living rays, O lustrous light,
Relieve the gloomy shades of night !
Reproving thus the deeper gloom
That loves the darkness of the tomb—
Of those who choose to be unblest
With living beams of sacred rest ;
Who shut their eyes, and close them tight,
Preferring darkness to the light.

IV.

O silent stars ! your noiseless light
Falls softly on the infant's sight,
And finds a most congenial sphere
In children's eyes and hearts so clear,—
So free from guile and unbelief !
So full of rest, and free from grief !
Unlike the restlessness and sin
Of man, and earth's incessant din.

V.

Beautiful stars ! which thro' the skies
Look out like bright and tender eyes ;
Which, tho' diverse, yet all agree
To shine and move in harmony.
Your soft and gentle life, O stars,
Doth music make that knows no jars ;
Like all sweet things that harmonize—
Like loving hearts and truthful eyes.

VI.

Your joyous light, O stars so bright,
Could not be seen but for the night:
Like those rare flowers of choicest hue,
That in the sun ne'er come to view—
So like those pleasures born of fears,
And like those graces born of tears,
The night of sorrow making fair
The firmament of virtues rare !

VII.

Sceptic ! lift up your doubtful eyes,
And read God's writing in the skies :
His hand has fashion'd, one by one,
Those shining orbs, and His alone ;
Appointed for them all the bounds
Wherein they move in constant rounds ;
Sustaining, by His strong decree,
Their light, and life, and harmony.

VIII.

Look up, my soul ! and here resolve
In life and beauty to revolve ;
Reflecting beams of holy light
To cast upon the world's dark night ;
Beguiling by celestial rays
Some weary feet on earth's highways ;
Seeking from paths of death to save
By bringing life to sin's dark grave :—

IX.

So when shall strike the hour of death,
And mortal mists extinguish breath,—
When life's short work on earth shall cease
For heaven's rest and sweet release,—
Upon my tomb soft light shall fall,
Displacing sorrow's funeral pall ;
And in the records of the blest
My name shall wear a starry crest.

AN ASPIRATION.



O THOU who art “the Way, the Truth, the Life,”
Teach me Thy way to walk, Thy truth to love,
Thy life to live ! A solid rock will then
Support my feet amid sin’s swelling surge.
And, thro’ the ever-changing moods of time,
A noontide life, all soft, will reign within—
A heavenly calm. And when the grave’s damp
 dews
Shall fall around, and death’s chill icy hand
Shall touch the harp strings of mortality,
Up to a purer, nobler life I’ll rise :

Where sunshine from the throne of God shall show
A threefold path of glory, teaching how
To walk the golden way among the hills
Of everlasting peace ; and where to track
The steps sublime of everlasting truth ;
And whence to trace the pure and sacred font
Of everlasting life.



SWEET LIBERTY.



I'VE seen a fish entangled by a fisher's meshes
tight :

I've seen a bird enfolded by a snare, preventing
flight :

I've seen a slave, all manacled with chains, deprived
of might.

I've seen a soul entangled by an angler's crafty
wiles,—

Like a bright bird encaged, robb'd of all music and
all smiles,—

No longer able, with strong limbs, to travel pleasant
miles.

I've seen a fish ensnared a little while, and then let
free :

I've seen a bird entrapp'd for one short hour, then
fill'd with glee :

I've seen a slave, with fetter'd limbs, set at sweet
liberty.

And I have seen the Saviour look on souls with
tender eye ;

And known His gracious heart all stirr'd with loving
sympathy,—

As backsliding ones, “afar off” walking, were
brought very “nigh.”

And then I saw the peaceful soul swim in its native
ocean ;

And, like the lark, spread joyous wings and sing
with graceful motion,—

No longer faint and weary thro' sin's most sad
commotion.

GIVING AND SELLING.

JOHN XII., 4, 5.



JUDAS sold himself to sin,
And then his name enroll'd
To wait upon the Son of God,
In service dark and bold.

The woman sold herself to sin,
Before she knew her Lord ;
But did not give her heart away
Till she had felt His word.

The word that Judas often heard
Fell like the sun on clay ;
The woman's heart, at heaven's call,
Like thawing frost gave way.

The frozen streams commenced to flow,
To run love's willing race ;
Obstructive barriers soon began
To yield to flowing grace.

Her tears fell on the Saviour's feet,
Each drop flash'd like a gem,
More costly than the pearls that deck
A royal diadem.

We cannot give what we have sold,
Nor sell what we have given ;
Unless we act a Judas part,
And forfeit gifts of heaven.

We dare not give a heart untrue

To One who *reads* the heart ;

We cannot sell a heart of love

To act a traitor's part.

All that we have we'll freely give,

And wish that it were more :

Nor will we barter heavenly wealth

For any earthly store.



ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY AND A BEE
DROWNED AT SEA.



I.

THE butterfly and bee
Resolved to view the sea :
They left their floral bowers
To sport with sea-side hours,
While o'er the sands they flew
The wonders there to view.
They had not long been out
In flying all about,

When both of them espied
The fast outgoing tide.
A bath, they thought, in brine,
Would cause their wings to shine.
They did but touch the brim
To find they could not swim—
A lesson sad to learn
When they could not return !
With swell of ebbing tide
They drifted, side by side,
Far out upon the waves
That made their briny graves.

Man's soul was made for flight ;
To soar to worlds of light ;
To rise on Faith's broad wings,
And Hope's glad songs to sing ;

To roam among the bowers
Where Truth grows sweetest flowers ;
To sip the living wine
Distill'd from Love's pure vine.
But when the wings descend
To try and find " land's end,"
And leave Faith's regions clear
For reason's atmosphere,
And part with Truth's bright floor
For speculation's shore,
And drink the ocean's brine
Instead of heavenly wine ;—
Too soon that soul may know
The tides that have no flow ;
That quench the brightest light,
And drown the thoughts outright ;
That bear the mind away
Where shines no light of day ;

Where graves are seen afar
By light of wandering star ;
With no sweet flowers to bloom
Upon a darken'd tomb ;
And with this epitaph,
That scarce restrains a laugh :—
“ He tried the ocean's breadth,
And went beyond his depth ;
Was drown'd while out at sea,
Like butterfly and bee !”



LIFE'S FADED FLOWERS.



OH, why so quickly fades the beauty rare,
And odours rich so soon turn foul and rank ?
The wine of gladness sparkles in the air,
And all its sweetness drain'd before 'tis drank.

'Tis wise in us when looking at our joys
To bear in mind that they must one day fade :
Possessions here are but as children's toys,
Not for our rest, but for our training made.

Perfection never can on earth be known,
Where all is lamentably incomplete :
Like flowers that shed their leaves, 'ere fully blown,
Corruption waits attendance on the sweet :—

Prophetic of a truer, higher state,
The pledge of life and sweetness yet to come !
The all-completeness for the which we wait
Shall greet us when we reach our heavenly home.

Then shall our eyes be satisfied with sight
Our hearts contentment know, with perfect
peace ;
And love and beauty in their full-orb'd light
Proclaim the captive soul's complete release.



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